MARVEL
PSR 54

BEDARD

SAKAKIBARA

EXILES®

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER...

SCIENTISTS PROVED LONG AGO THAT EARTH IS *NOT* THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE...

...SO WHY DOES IT SEEM LIKE THE FATE OF ALL REALITY *ALWAYS* GETS HASHED OUT RIGHT HERE ON THE BIG BLUE MARBLE?

COFFEE
CAFE

+MUMBLE MUMBLE+

FASCINATING QUESTION, MORPH. NOW HERE'S ONE FOR *YOU*...

WHAT THE--?

BAGEL
BREAD
PASTRY
HE BAGEL HOLE
...WHAT'S THE *WORST* THAT COULD HAPPEN IF WE CHOOSE *NOT* TO CARRY OUT TODAY'S MISSION?
DO YOU PEOPLE *MIND?*
THE BAGEL HO
eco
BAD ENOUGH WHEN SOME *WINO* HANGS AROUND, SCARIN' OFF CUSTOMERS, BUT *YOU GUYS* COULD COST ME MY WHOLE *BREAKFAST RUSH!*
YOU *SEE?* THAT'S ONE O' MY *REGULARS!*
HEY, RUBEN, *COME BACK!*
=MUMBLE MUMBLE=
THAT DOES IT. *GET LOST!*
'CEPT FOR THE BLUE MERMAID. IF *SHE* DON'T ATTRACT SOME BUSINESS, I CAN *SMOKE* HER FOR *LOX SPREAD.*
THE BAGEL HOLE

I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH *LOX SPREAD*, BUT IF YOU MEAN TO "SMOKE" QUEEN NAMORA OF ATLANTIS...

=ulp=

MISTER, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER JUST TEND YOUR STORE.

...YEAH, OKAY...

BY THE WAY, WILL YOU BE MAKING MORE *CHEESE DANISHES* TODAY?

WH--?

NO...NO... THAT'S THE *LAST* ONE, THERE IN THE *CASE*...

YEAH, *POLICE*...? I'M CALLIN' FROM THE BAGEL HOLE, ON TWENTY-SIXTH AND LEX?

THERE'S A BUNCH OF *MUTIES* HANGING 'ROUND MY STORE LOOKIN' TO START *TROUBLE*...

HE SAID THAT'S THE *LAST* ONE, BLINK.

THEN WE'D BETTER ACT *FAST*, CAL...

"Rube Goldberg"

BY TONY BEDARD & MIZUKI SAKAKIBARA

JC COLORS | DAVE SHARPE LETTERS

RYAN, MOORE & SEDLMEIER ASSISTANT EDITORS | MIKE MARTS EDITOR | JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF | DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

BUT...HOW CAN GETTING ***BREAKFAST*** BE OUR MISSION?

THE EXILES ARE SUPPOSED TO SAVE ***ENTIRE REALITIES,*** RIGHT?

YES, BEAK, BUT THE TIMEBROKER'S INSTRUCTIONS WERE VERY ***EXPLICIT*** THIS TIME.

"GO TO TWENTY-SIXTH AND LEXINGTON AVENUE. BUY THE LAST CHEESE DANISH AT THE BAGEL HOLE." SIMPLE AS THAT.

WHY DO WE STILL ***TRUST*** HIM, ANYWAY? THOSE ***CELESTIAL*** GUYS SAID "DON'T TRUST THE ***TIMEBROKER,***" REMEMBER?

SO MAYBE THIS IS ALL A...A ***SETUP,*** YES?

I MEAN, HOW CAN ***ONE PASTRY*** THREATEN THE WHOLE WORLD?

OBVIOUSLY, IT'S SOME VARIATION OF THE ***SEAHORSE EFFECT.***

THE ***WHAT...?***

SIGH IT IS A SORT OF POPULAR THEORY IN ATLANTIS--MORE ***MYTH*** THAN SCIENCE...

...BASICALLY, IT STATES THAT IF A SEA-HORSE FLUTTERS ITS ***FINS*** IN THE PACIFIC, IT MIGHT SET OFF A CHAIN-REACTION OF CURRENTS...AN EBB AND FLOW THAT BUILDS AND COMPOUNDS...

...CULMINATING IN A ***TIDAL WAVE*** HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD.

YEAH, WE HAVE A NOTION LIKE THAT ON DRY LAND, EXCEPT WITH ***BUTTERFLIES*** AND ***HURRICANES.***

COME ON, HEATHER, YOU DON'T REALLY ***BELIEVE*** THAT JUNK, DO YOU?

MAYBE NOT ABOUT BUTTERFLIES AND SEAHORSES, BUT IF ***MED SCHOOL*** TAUGHT ME ***ANY***THING, IT'S HOW ***INTERCONNECTED*** EVERYTHING REALLY IS.

THE HUMAN BODY IS ONE BIG *TANGLE* OF INTERDEPENDENT SYSTEMS.

TAKE *MIMIC*, FOR EXAMPLE. HE WEIGHS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED POUNDS, BUT THE *PITUITARY GLAND* IN HIS SKULL IS THE SIZE OF A *GRAPE*.

STILL...IF THAT TEENY-WEENY GLAND WERE TO FLAP ITS LITTLE BUTTERFLY WINGS THE WRONG WAY, THE *REST* OF HIM WOULD *SELF-DESTRUCT!*

NOT WITH THE *HEALING FACTOR* I MIMICKED FROM WOLVERINE! *MY* GLANDS'LL STAY FRESH AND...AND *GLANDY* FOR AGES, THANK YOU.

CAL, I'M JUST MAKING A *POINT*-- MOTHER NATURE SETS UP THE DOMINOES, AND YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'LL *HAPPEN* WHEN YOU KNOCK ONE OVER.

POOR AIR-BREATHERS. YOU SPEND YOUR *ENTIRE LIVES* IN THIS THIN ATMOSPHERE--*NO WONDER* YOU FORGET YOUR CONNECTION TO THE WORLD.

BENEATH THE WAVES, THINGS ARE MORE *TACTILE*. THE WATER *PRESSES* FROM ALL SIDES... YOU *TASTE* THE CURRENTS...AND IT IS *IMPOSSIBLE* TO THINK YOURSELF SEPARATE FROM THE GREAT CONTINUUM.

I HAVE *NO DOUBT* THAT LACTATING DOUGH-BALL *IS* A LINK IN SOME COSMIC CHAIN OF EVENTS.

LET US *REMOVE* THE LINK, LEAP TO THE *NEXT* BROKEN UNIVERSE, AND ALLOW THIS WORLD TO SORT OUT ITS *OWN* PROBLEMS.

NOT THAT I *TRUST* THE TIMEBROKER... OR *BREAKER,* IF YOU PLEASE. I SIMPLY PREFER *ACTION* TO ENDLESS DEBATE.

YOU'RE RIGHT, NAMORA. WE COULD TALK IN CIRCLES *FOREVER.* LET'S GO AHEAD AND *DO* THIS--

ARE YOU *KIDDING?*

ALL THAT *TIDAL WAVE* AND *KILLER GLAND* TALK, AND YOU ARE STILL NOT AFRAID THAT DANISH IS A TICKING *TIME BOMB?*

LOOK AROUND! THIS PLACE IS JUST *FINE!* THE ONLY *WRONG* THING WITH THIS PICTURE... IS *US!*

MAYBE THIS TIME WE ARE *UPSETTING* THINGS INSTEAD OF FIXING THEM! HOW CAN WE PROCEED WITHOUT KNOWING THE *CONSEQUENCES?*

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU HOW THIS ALL *TURNS OUT,* BEAK. THE TALLUS *USED TO* PROVIDE MORE INFORMATION, BUT LATELY...

...ALL I KNOW IS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO *BUY* THIS THING. BE THANKFUL THAT'S *ALL* WE'RE ASKED TO DO THIS TIME ROUND.

IT IS LIKE THAT OLD *CHICKEN-AND-EGG* RIDDLE--THERE *IS* NO RIGHT ANSWER.

DON'T *OVERTHINK* IT, BEAK.

BESIDES, EVEN IF THIS TURNS *UGLY...*

"...YOU GOTTA BREAK A FEW EGGS TO MAKE AN OMELET, RIGHT?"
THE BAGEL HOLE

THE BAGEL HOLE

THE BAGEL HOLE

TONY'S
COFFEE
Mmmm. NOT BAD.
BLOOOM!

DID YOU SEE THOSE PEOPLE JUST...GO?!

HUH?

THEY LEFT? THANK GOODNESS.

NO, I MEAN THEY VANISHED!

HEY, MR. GOLDBERG, YOU'RE NOT LOOKING SO GOOD THIS MORNING...EVERYTHING OKAY?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO'S BEEN TALKING TO YOU ABOUT ME?

EASY, RUBE-- JUST MAKING AN OBSERVATION, BUT IT'S REALLY NONE O' MY BUSINESS.

SO WHAT CAN I DO YA FOR THIS MORNING?

SAME AS ALWAYS. COFFEE, LIGHT AND SWEET, AND A CHEESE DANISH.

OHHH...I'M SO SORRY. JUST SOLD THE LAST ONE TO THOSE WEIRDOS.

YOU WHAT--?!

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET RID OF 'EM!

PLUS, I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T COMING BACK TODAY.

WHY? DID YOU KNOW WHAT I HAD PLANNED FOR THE OFFICE TODAY?!

SKREEECH

YOU DID! YOU KNEW, AND YOU CALLED THE COPS!

AW, CRUD! I FORGOT I CALLED 'EM TO DEAL WITH THOSE COSTUMED JERKS!

FINE! IT WAS GONNA START AT THE OFFICE--

--BUT THIS PLACE IS AS GOOD AS ANY!

SOMEONE CALL FOR POLICE?

BLAM

TWENTY SECONDS AGO...

DAREDEVIL?!

I TOLD THEM I'D BLOT OUT THE SUN AND THE *BEST* THEY COULD SEND AFTER ME IS *DAREDEVIL?!*

EASY, NOW, DOCTOR COLLINS--

ANGER

COLLIER!

RIGHT. SORRY.

LOOK, THE AVENGERS TAKE YOU *VERY* SERIOUSLY. ONE OF OUR *BIG GUNS* IS ON THE WAY--I JUST HAPPENED TO BE THE *CLOSEST* BY WHEN THE CALL WENT OUT.

THE FOLKS AT *STARK LABS* SAY YOUR WEATHER-CONTROLLING *NANOSPORES* ARE VERY, *VERY* POWERFUL.

DON'T *PATRONIZE* ME--!

I'M *NOT!* REALLY.

BUT I ALSO SENSE FROM YOUR VOICE AND YOUR PULSE THAT YOU *DON'T WANT* TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS.

I JUST...

...THEY WERE GOING TO CUT MY *FUNDING*. MY LIFE'S WORK...I...

...I'M JUST TIRED OF GETTING PUSHED AROUND... TIRED OF BEING *IGNORED*...

I *UNDERSTAND*, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO UNLEASH THOSE *WEATHER-SPORES* TO PROVE THEY WORK. HAND OVER THAT CANISTER, AND I PROMISE I'LL--

BLAM BLAM

OFFICER DOWN! OFFICER DOWN!

OH, NO...

HEY, WAITAMINUTE!

STAY RIGHT HERE, DOCTOR COLLINS! *THOR* WILL ARRIVE IN A *MOMENT!*

I TOLD YOU...IT'S COLLIER!

DOESN'T ANYONE EVER *LISTEN?*

YOU ALMOST *HAD* ME THERE, THINKING YOU ACTUALLY *CARED*, BUT NOW THAT PUSH HAS COME TO *SHOVE*...

...NO ONE WILL *EVER* IGNORE ME *AGAIN!*

FWSHHHH

SHHHHHH

LORD FORGIVE ME, BUT THEY *ASKED* FOR IT!

DANGER

I BET THERE'LL BE A *FULL MOON* TONIGHT--THE WEIRDOS ARE ALREADY COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK.

COME ON, PARTNER, DON'T *DIE* ON ME...!

HE ***WON'T***. HIS PULSE IS STRONG AND HIS BREATHING DOESN'T INDICATE PULMONARY DAMAGE.

I ALSO HEAR AN *AMBULANCE* ABOUT THREE BLOCKS AWAY. HE'LL MAKE IT.

ASSUMIN' THAT *TORNADO* DON'T GET IN THE WAY!

OKAY, THIS IS OFFICIALLY OUT OF MY LEAGUE. .

I SURE HOPE THEY'RE REROUTING AIR TRAFFIC...

YAHHH!

SHKOOM

SO THOU WOULDST UNLEASH A *TEMPEST* ON FAIR MANHATTAN?!

WHAT *IRONY*, THEN, THAT THOU RECKONED WITHOUT THE LORD OF STORMS--*MIGHTY THOR!*

KRA-KOW

RISE, NORTH WIND! *RAGE*, THUNDER AND CATARACT! DISPEL THIS FOUL CANOPY, THAT SUN AND SKY MAY REIGN ONCE MORE!

OH, NO...

THOR, NO! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE IT WORSE!

LIES! I'VE COMMANDED THE ELEMENTS S NCE THY KIND COWERED IN CAVES!

OH, NO-NO-NO-- YOU MEAN THE JET STREAM, DON'T YOU?!

MY NANO-SPORES **AMPLIFY** ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS! WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU **DO?**

I BROUGHT DOWN THE RIVER OF WIND FROM ON HIGH TO SCOUR AWAY YON FILTHY NIMBUS...

"RIVER OF WIND"...?

THE SPORES WERE ONLY PROGRAMMED TO BLACK OUT THE **METRO AREA!** WITH **THAT** MUCH ADDED ENERGY, THE EFFECT WILL BE **GLOBAL!**

HOW DO I **REVERSE** IT?

Y-YOU **CAN'T!** JUST LET THE PROGRAM RUN, AND IN THREE DAYS THE CLOUDS WILL **DISPERSE...**

"...UNTIL THEN, PLANET EARTH IS ONE BIG **STINK BOMB!**"

MAJESTRIX! WE ARE PICKING UP ***ANOMALOUS READINGS*** IN THE TERRAN ATMOSPHERE!

WHAT ***KIND*** OF ANOMALOUS READINGS?

UNNATURAL INTERACTIONS BETWEEN NITROGEN OXIDES, SULFUR OXIDES, AND RAPIDLY ELEVATING ***OZONE*** LEVELS... COUPLED WITH AN ATMOSPHERIC ***INVERSION LAYER...***

...IN A WORD-- ***SMOG.***

SMOG ON A SCALE WE'VE ***NEVER SEEN.*** IT'S AN ENVIRONMENTAL ***DISASTER,*** MAJESTRIX.

COURSE OF ACTION?

+HMPH+

CALL OFF THE *INVASION FLEET*, MINISTER ARAKI. LET'S FACE IT-- WE'VE BEEN *OUT-MANEUVERED.*

THEY MUST HAVE GOTTEN WIND OF MY PLANS TO ***DEPOPULATE*** THEIR WORLD AND TURN IT INTO MY OWN PRIVATE ***PLEASURE PLANET.***

THEY COULDN'T MATCH OUR FIREPOWER, SO THEY POISONED ***MY PRIZE*** INSTEAD. VERY CLEVER.

HAVE MY SECRET POLICE FERRET OUT WHOEVER ***LEAKED*** OUR PLANS TO THE HUMANS. IF NO LEAK IS FOUND, ***DECIMATE*** THE LOGISTICS STAFF.

Y-YES, EMPRESS DEATHBIRD. ***AT ONCE!***

AND TELL THE SHI'AR RECON WING TO FIND ME ***ANOTHER*** PLANET WITH AZURE SKIES.

FLYING DOWN ***THERE*** WOULD BE LIKE DIVING INTO A ***SEWER.***

START

GOAL

MEANWHILE, A UNIVERSE AWAY...

--LEAP OF FAITH, BEAK, BUT I'M SURE EVERY-THING--

WOOOSH

UH-OH, LOOKS LIKE THE LAND BEFORE TOILET PAPER--

--TURNED OUT FINE...?

?

WH... WHAT WAS I *SAYING?*

I KNOW NOT, MASTER MORPH, BUT LET US SEEK GAINFUL ***EMPLOYMENT*** THAT WE MAY ENJOY A ***ROOF*** OVER OUR HEADS COME EVENING.

BE OF GOOD CHEER, JESTER. THERE IS ***ALWAYS*** WORK FOR A SHARP BLADE AND A STRONG ARM TO WIELD IT!

NEXT: AN AGE UNDREAMED OF!